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Lines

*On the Finding of a Dog's Head Buried with an
Esquimaux Child*

Out from his maddened mother's sheltering arms
Into the darkness sped his little soul.
The all-embracing darkness—not a star
To point him forward on his wand'ring way,
In the long journey to the Spirit Land.

So in the agony of yearning hearts,
In darkened faith, they did the best they knew ;
Killing of all the pack the leading cur,
Myouk, the wisest, swiftest, strongest, best.
That the dog's soul, as had the dog in life,
Might lead his little master safely home.


Poor trusting souls !
Mute at the edge of yonder snow-cased grave !
Grant that the thought may never cross their minds
That Myouk's faithful soul may never reach
His little master's, now long sped before.

H. M. B.

The Professor's Tale

A SKETCH

"Ach wenn doch ewig grünen bliebe," etc.—*Schiller*.

N spite of the salty appearance of my hair and the prosy, microscopic character of my vocation, I am none of those whom George Sand means when she says *chez qui la science a étouffé le sentiment*, and whom she calls "the blindest of men." When I leave my laboratory I leave behind me also my Zeiss "oil immersion," which makes small things great, and look at the world rather in a spirit of synthesis than analysis—and when I see a handsome, healthy young fellow hopping from one foot to the other on a rainy street corner and looking at his watch, I discern that he is not taking the Kneipp cure, but waiting for a girl; and I forget that I am Dr. So-and-So of the old school, and merge my personality in that of the boy until several cars have gone by and I am wet—sometimes, too, until the girl comes—and then all three of us get on the same car, and I sit opposite the young couple and imagine that I am the boy, and that the girl is—well, never mind, let by-gones be by-gones; but I *do* enjoy it as much as the two of them together. And when a particularly eloquent glance passes between them I feel as though I were taking a rub down after a swim in de Leon's fountain of youth.

Now, so far, I have told in a general way what actually happened a few days ago; and, in order not to make my interest in the young people objectionable, I was taking a turn at reading, with much pretended zeal, about the wasted existence of one who did not eat Heinz's Pickled Beans—a vegetable, by the way, for the digestible qualities of which little good was foreboded by the verses it had inspired. Just

then two elderly ladies entered the car and diverted my attention. As they took seats near the door they continued the conversation in which they had evidently been engaged on the street, for one of them who was rather stout did not stop long enough to regain the breath which the motorman had taken out of her, but was saying :

"And—oh—yes, my dear, she runs about altogether more than a woman with three children and a house to take care of ought to, and I know her husband doesn't like it, for Mrs. Rippe knows her brother-in-law intimately, and he told her husband that *Mr.* K doesn't like her ideas of housekeeping at all ; and she says that she has often told her—let me pay."

"No ; I've got it right here."

"Fares, please !"

"No—me—I'll have to have it changed anyway."

"Yes, and she says that things are not by any means as smooth and serene as she tries to make them out when you meet her ; and then she'll never, in spite of all the money she married—for she *did* marry him for his money—get the social position we all know she's after, though she *does* pretend she doesn't care about such things. I don't want to be put down as——" Her tongue was going like a rattle. Her companion was getting ready to take a hand in the conversation when the stout one should fall short of breath—for I could see by her face that she was somewhat in the condition of a supercharged bottle of seltzer and I was waiting to hear her strike out, when an exclamation of unpleasant surprise from my fair *vis à vis* recalled my attention to its original channel. I could just catch the words, "How *shall* we get out ? There's mother."

The position was truly as appalling as it was simple. I took in the whole situation at a glance. My heart bled for the young people. They evidently had good reasons for

avoiding the maternal eye, as I could see by the way they both turned their backs toward the rear end of the car. There was no getting out in front for the iron gate was up, and to take it down would attract attention, and, close by the rear entrance, sat Scylla and Charybdis.

Now what I am about to relate is neither solemn nor dignified, especially not on the part of the author of "The Philosophy of Nature"—(a very good book though I *do* say it myself—*Macmillan*, '82)—and I would not like to have it go beyond these pages ; you understand. The old ladies had not yet noticed the young couple, but they might at any moment, and if anything was to be done, speed was essential. I resolved upon a bold rescue.

I beckoned to the conductor to stop, and as I turned to the door I leaned toward the young lady and, by virtue of my gray hair, said softly, "Follow me, my dear !" Then I walked slowly toward the rear entrance—slowly, until the car had stopped. Then I stumbled ; my hat fell off and I fainted in the stout lady's arms.

I was brought to in a few moments and discovered that the young people had escaped, the stout lady had hysterics, and that I had passed my street ; but my goodness ! I am not so old that a few blocks, more or less, make any difference.

H. W. Z.



The Idols

Idols of gold, of silver, or of stone ;
These have men worshipped in the older times.
Idols of stone, grey, cold, unseen by night,
Bright-painted lest they bring night into day ;
Idols of silver, shining best in gloom,
Weak in the day time, useless in the dark ;
Idols of gold, resplendent while the sun
Shatters his beams upon the senseless face,
Black as the basest stone when the sun dies—
These have men worshipped, but their faith grew weak,
Finding no light that lived beyond a day.

There is an Idol, raised by no man's hand,
Purer than gold, brighter than silver ; strong,
So that the deep foundations of the earth
Have not such strength ; and here I bend the knee—
Before God's image in the heart of man,
Thine own heart, or the heart of some dear friend.
Standing without the temple thou mayest hear
Voices of reverent murmuring multitudes.
Enter the portal, where the outer court
Thrills with the moving prayer of suffering men.
Pass to the inner court, if thou be pure ;
There priestly lips send up their sainted praise
Before the Vale. Kneel, and if God so wills,
Thou mayest pass on into the heart of hearts,
Holy of Holies, where the Presence dwells !

Blessed who enter there ! But those without
Must wait and worship though they come not near,
Wait in humility, worship in faith,
Not doubting, but in hope to pass the Vale.

If the star tremble on the edge of night,
Trifling with day, half buried in the dark,
'Tis thy weak sight that wavers, not the star.
Woe if weak sight drive courage from thy soul,
And thou look on while others wage the fight !
Woe if the heart's weak fear destroy thy faith,
To doubt the armor that thou hast not proved,
Or prop thine Idol lest the winds of heaven
Bring it to earth !

Battle-wrought be thy faith ;
Carved on thy soul, till soul and faith be one ;
Carved on thy thought, till every thought ring true ;
Carved on thy deed, imperishable page !
So shall thy faith bring strength unto thy love,
So shall thy love be pure !

So shall thine eye
Look up unwavering and behold the star
Trembling no more, but firm and piercing clear ;
Faith without fear be thine, love without pain,
Star without night, life-sweets uncrowned with thorns !

John Erskine





PERHAPS the Students' Board could not have been expected to do any better. The Board had been so long a figure of speech that the coming into the world of reality and action was undoubtedly a difficult process. But the ponderous mental machinery of the Board labored under an extraordinary mistake when it was deemed essential, in apologetic resolutions, to pledge each class of College and Mines to pay annually a large fixed sum for a glaringly necessary College Hall. This was begging the question ; it was equivalent to admitting that the students did not really think themselves entitled, by right and necessity, to the use of the building. Furthermore, it caused classes in the Mines to vote down the resolutions, thereby temporarily extinguishing the movement. It is, however, obviously absurd to suppose that these classes downed the resolutions because they did not want a College Hall. They simply did not believe that they should have to pay a high price for what they were really entitled to.

For this two-hundred dollar clause the Board offers the excuse that it must have something to back up the request for the House. True, but the rents to be paid by various organizations for office-room in the House were sufficient for this. Again, the honest members of the Board protest that the University finances are in so pitiable a condition :—*such a Debt!* Would it not be impertinent, query they, to ask the kind

Trustees, under these circumstances, to turn over the House to us (cost, about \$2,500 per year)? Poor, impoverished University! that sold a short time ago two bits of its property, realizing the paltry sums of \$350,000 and \$1,000,000! Poor University! that pays daily some dozens of apparently useless creatures (evidently graduates of McCartney's School of Indolence), whose main business is to amble about the grounds and pretend to be doing something! A little less philanthropy, please!

Now, since the Mines' classes do not wish to cöoperate with the College, the College, as *Spec.* declares, must stand alone. The affair has fallen easily from the nerveless hands of the Board and now the *Committee* is come blithely forward to take it up and carry it through. The work of the Committee is, then, to convince our President and Trustees (ever sympathetic to the needs of the College) of the breadth and intensity of the students' feeling for this College Hall; which breadth and intensity is not perhaps, on the surface of events, apparent even to observant President and Trustees. To effect its purpose the Committee must strive to enter as much as possible into the spirit of the student sentiment. Be not, sweet Committee, "quivery," or sensitive to refusal, or subject to a pulling-down of wool over the eyes or to the lethal influence of honeyed words; be rather acute, insistent as a dentist, even daring—for faint heart never won a College Hall or anything else.

WE wish here to announce that Miss Anne Langdrew is no longer connected with this Board, and we shall not hereafter be responsible for any debts contracted by her. Soon after she came among us her obnoxious characteristics manifested themselves. She quarreled with our cartoonists so that one was forced to leave us. She stole into Lit. office one day and

filched their office curling-irons, thereby dragging us into a useless quarrel with our neighbors, and getting herself severely caned before she escaped. Then her lectures drew us into painful controversies. Her very first lecture got us into a peck of trouble ; her second (and last) brought upon us a libel suit which is now pending. This capped the climax. Since, also, she had been observed by several reputable persons attending chapel on six different occasions ; we had begun to fear for her sanity, and we now deemed it best to get her away to a quiet place before she became violent or involved us in any more disputes. So we escorted her gently but firmly to the Morningside Battlements and advised her to take train for Brooklyn. The last we saw of her was when the train rounded the 110th Street curve ; looking like some disheveled Cassandra, she leaned far out of the car window, stretching her arms appealingly toward the College, while great tears rolled down her cheeks and splashed upon the pedestrians below. Poor Anne ! we heard yesterday that she had contracted with our innocuous contemporary, the Ladies' Home Journal, to succeed Ruth Ashmore in conducting the instructive column of "Collateral Conversation with Young Ladies."

The Imaginary Lectures will continue, of course, recommencing with our next number. We are fortunate in being able to enlist the services of Mr. Walter Lavish Slander, who, as well as Mr. Satyr and Miss Langdrew, has already attained to some distinction in the imaginary line.



Doubt

Gravely perplexed, I fain would know
 Who was it lectured on Rousseau.
 A Barnard girl, in accents odd,
 Spoke of a certain Monsieur Rod.
 And then a Mr. So-and-so
 Said that the man was Edouard Rod.
 A third, who seemed of Gaelic blood,
 Told me I'd heard the famous Rod.
 And by another language-code
 A fourth assured me it was Rod.
 Now, were those lectures on Rousseau
 By Rud, or Road, or Rod, or Ro?

M. C.

Journeys End



THE smoking-cabin of the "Czar Nicholas" was well aft on the promenade deck, and was thus a pleasant place for cards and conversation and all the other occupations of idle men thrown together. This bright warm morning, the fifth out from New York, it was particularly agreeable. Through the open doorways you could get glimpses of fleeting green water and soft white clouds that lay along the horizon. You could see, too, the whole panorama of life aboard ship; a game of shuffle-board was in progress just outside, from which came shouts of laughter and of triumph, and the clatter and whirl of the wood. Laughing and talking,

throngs passed and repassed continually, while the waiters' band gave the morning concert and the ship's bells in the bows, first faint, then loud, sang back the hours.

In the cabin four jolly priests on a holiday were engaged in a game of whist. At the table several men were writing home-letters for the Gibraltar mail, and in a corner six others sat together about a table talking.

Langan, the young French artist, was speaking. "I should like to paint her, that little American girl," he remarked, thoughtfully.

"She is not pretty, you know," hinted Edwards, the sculptor, looking at Langan and puffing away at his pipe while he awaited the reaction of his suggestion.

"Bah! it is no matter. She has something that fascinates in that face of hers, so curious and gray. Gray! that is the very word. That just gives the effect. It is the eyes—the great gray eyes, and the white skin, and the teeth that are pearls; and the hat, too, that is gray."

"You are very enthusiastic," remarked Cameron, carelessly.

"She is a very amusing child," put in Sidney. "How old did somebody say she was?"

"Seventeen," said Herbert, from the corner where he had remained silent and thoughtful.

"Is it possible. Yet she has the ease of a woman," Edwards said.

"Ah, these American girls, they are distracting." Langan was busy drawing now, working eagerly and rapidly, and he spoke without looking up.

"Let's see what you're doing, Langan," and Cameron put out his hand.

"Just one moment—there." And with the last touch to a jaunty little felt hat drawn rakishly down before, Langan displayed his sketch.

"Miss Elsie to the life" all agreed as the drawing was shown around and admired.

"You must have observed her very carefully," laughed Sidney. "Beware! She is too American for you, Langan. She is a terrific flirt and has serious intentions concerning you already."

"But there is safety in numbers, Langan," put in another. "She has set out to conquer the whole of this little world—except the women; the young ones are jealous and the older ones disapprove."

"She's worst over Herbert there, though," said Sidney. "But the pity of it is he doesn't reciprocate. What's the matter anyway?" looking over to Herbert. Herbert was a boy compared to the other men, younger even than Cameron. He blushed.

"I think you're mistaken. She is not interested in me. I haven't any of the fascinating talents of you artists."

"But she is, though," answering the first part of Herbert's remark. "I've seen her lay a hundred little traps for you from which you have escaped with a readiness that reflects upon your gallantry."

"Yes, Herbert, what the devil's the matter with you?" echoed Edwards. "Don't you see you are spoiling her voyage—her first, as she has told me a thousand times with every variety of rapture—by making her conquest incomplete. For my own part, old as I am, and as experienced, I count it a pleasure to add to her triumph."

Herbert looked very serious. "I'll tell you frankly that I don't like the way you men are acting toward that child." In his spirit of chivalry he assumed a dignity that went charmingly with his boyishness. "You think as I do, that she is far too forward for her years, and yet you encourage her simply because she amuses you. You don't seem to see that

you are hurting her, turning her silly little head with mock adulation that she takes *au grand sérieux*. I tell you it is pitifully pathetic to watch her. I wish she had a brother or somebody with her, somebody besides her old grandfather."

"Bravo!" cried Sidney. "But all the more reason for your pitching in and monopolizing her. She would be perfectly secure in your young hands. After all you're right; we are too worldly and dangerous for seventeen years. Yet——. Ah!" said he, lowering his voice, "there she is now."

The men glanced up at the doorway where, swaying lightly on the threshold, stood Elsie Norton smiling merrily.

As Langan had said, there was something very fascinating about the laughing gray eyes that lighted up her whole face, in the white teeth, in her pale skin just a trifle burned by the sun and salt air, and in the great heavy braid of dark hair.

"Why do you men always stay in this horrid cabin when you ought to be out in the fresh air?" the girl demanded of everybody, although Herbert felt, to his annoyance, that her eyes were on him.

"Oh, I don't know," said Cameron. "But why don't you come in *here* for a change? You never do, you know; do you?"

"No," assented Elsie, thoughtfully. "But would it be all right, quite proper? I should like to awfully."

"Then why don't you?"

The men all laughed except Herbert, who, sitting next to Sidney, touched his arm. "Don't for heaven's sake! She will actually come in if you persuade her."

But Cameron having already added his voice, Miss Elsie stepped down and in with a delicious sensation of pleasant indiscretion.

The men had arisen.

"Isn't this perfectly terrible of me?"

"Not at all. Won't you sit down?" And Elsie sank blissfully into an easy chair, while the men resumed their seats.

"What is that?" cried Elsie, catching sight of Langan's sketch as she cast her eyes on the table before her.

"You see we have been thinking of you," remarked Edwards.

"Who did it?" asked Elsie, looking about her attentive circle.

"Langan, of course."

"Does it really look like me? It is so nice and artistic that I scarcely recognized it."

"I can make a much better one now if you will permit me," said the gallant Langan.

"Will you? What fun!" said Elsie, delightedly and now altogether at home.

So Langan set to work. "Just turn a little—there, like that, towards Monsieur Herbert—so."

Thus Herbert found himself fastened by Elsie's gray eyes, grave now through the importance of the occasion. She seemed to obey her instructions well, and Herbert had to drop his own eyes several times. Once he glanced up at the doorway, and bit his lips with annoyance, to see Mrs. Creel looking curiously in with a little smile of astonishment and contempt. He looked back to Elsie. And now the little Italian doctor for the steerage came in. He stopped, rubbed his hands, and sat down where he could look over Langan's working arm and leer up into Elsie's face. Herbert's discomfort was now changed to disgust. He detested the doctor who made himself offensively gallant to every woman on the ship within the first three days, at the end of which time he had been snubbed into oblivion by all but poor, indiscriminating Elsie, who, in her innocence, found him vastly amusing, with his flowery compliments, stories and funny foreign ways. Herbert felt strongly tempted to jump up and pull him and his pock-marked monkey-face out of such close contact with the girl.

Then it struck Herbert forcibly that there was no one there who really cared about the girl, no one who gave her a really serious thought. There was Langan sketching away eagerly with swift glances from the sketch to the girl and back again, but his interest was so wholly impersonal, so purely that of the artist, that Herbert knew how little the girl's self meant to him. The others were light, cynical or thoughtless. But what of himself? He was serious enough, at all events. Why should he not be her friend? He did not care for the girl; he had, in fact, studiously avoided her. Her silliness and lightness had displeased him, and the consciousness that she was trying to attract his notice had vexed and annoyed him. But was all this any reason why he should not befriend the child and endeavor to shield her from her own folly? He wanted to do something for her, he did not know what. Almost without willing it, he rose to his feet, and calmly and deliberately, under the curious gaze of the men, and the faint frown of the girl, he walked out of the cabin. He didn't know in the least what he wished to do, or why he did what he was doing. He happened, however, after a few steps, upon Elsie's grandfather, in his steamer-chair. He walked up to the old gentleman.

"Oh, Mr. Herbert," said Mr. Norton helplessly, "do you know where my granddaughter is? I can't find my glasses and Mrs. Armstrong has just lent me this book. I think they are in my state-room. Elsie could find them. Do you know where she is?"

Herbert was a little perplexed. Should he say? Then it came to him:

"Yes, I know, shall I tell her?"

"If you will, thank you."

Herbert walked away almost eagerly, not towards the smoking cabin, however, but forward, and then crossed through the cabin to the starboard side.







Composite Photograph of the Faculty

"I can't tell her myself. That would be too obvious. If I can find Mrs. Maitland—yes, there she is!"

And Herbert went down the line of steamer-chairs towards a woman wrapped in a bright rug, cozily settled and reading. Mrs. Maitland was a good friend of Herbert's, just enough older to assume the motherly attitude towards him and to make an interested, kindly confidant, as he had discovered more than once in his college days. She looked up pleasantly as Herbert reached her.

"Well?" she asked, inquiringly.

"Do you want to do an act of Christian charity? If you do, step around to the smoking cabin and deliver Elsie Norton out of the hands of the Philistines."

"Do you mean to say that she is in there, with those men—that artist-crowd?" asked Mrs. Maitland, throwing off her steamer-rug and closing her book.

"Yes," answered Herbert, as he helped her up, "she is."

"But what shall I tell her?"

"Tell her her grandfather wants her to find his glasses in his state-room."

"Does her grandfather really want her, or are you only making up?"

"Oh, no; he asked me to find her, but I can't now, you know. I just left them, and they saw the reason. At least the men did. I don't believe it entered Miss Norton's head that I was anything but rude, tiresome and incomprehensible."

"Well, I'll go."

"Thank you," said Herbert, "I don't exactly know why I should have troubled you or myself about her, only I'm really sorry for the girl. Every woman on the ship is snubbing her. You ought to take her under your wing, Mrs. Maitland."

"As if she'd stay there," laughed that lady. Then they

separated, she going aft, and he up into the bows where he could smoke quietly until luncheon.

As Herbert sat on the deck up against a capstan, feeling the easy motion of the ship and the pleasant warmth of the sun, and looking back at the four firmly braced masts pointing up into the blue sky; the bridge, with the officer pacing back and forth, and the man at the wheel; and the ends of the promenade decks where people would appear for an instant, turn, and then disappear again, he thought seriously about Elsie. And out of his thoughts he began to frame a resolution and a plan. He asked himself many questions, however. Could he keep Elsie's interest for a week if he made up his mind to give her his whole and undivided attention? Could he, on the other hand, summon the fortitude necessary for such an ordeal? He was modest and he wasn't self-sacrificing, so he had some difficulty in answering these questions affirmatively; but he wished to, and he did. It seemed the only way. He knew it was no use expostulating with Edwards, Sidney, and the rest; he knew that Mrs. Maitland was helpless, and that old Mr. Norton was too old and complaisant for the exercise of any serious authority. So Herbert, in his chivalrous boyishness felt somehow that it devolved upon him to take what care he could of a girl whom his instincts told him needed a brother's watchfulness. Then the bugle rang out for luncheon and Herbert remembered that he was hungry.

The next time that he saw Elsie was after dinner, when everybody was coming up from the saloon to enjoy the evening hours on deck. He was standing just outside the cabin door as she stepped lightly out, with a shawl on her arm for use if the evening should prove chilly. There was a gray mist on the ocean, and the breeze was freshening.

"Good evening, Miss Norton," said Herbert, pleasantly.

"What, Mr. Herbert, are you really going to speak to me?" and there was a look of real pleasure behind the affected archness of surprise.

"And why not?"

"Oh, I was afraid I had shocked you so. Aren't you really awfully shocked at the way I act?"

Herbert began to repent of his resolution. She had asked him this question before at momentary meetings and chance encounters. He did not now make her the usual polite cold answer, however :

"And suppose I was shocked ; what then?"

"Ah, I don't know. Only you look at me so. You are so very serious, and then you left me all alone with those men this morning."

This was putting the matter in a new light. Had she looked upon his presence as a sort of safe-guard, and had he then deserted her?

"But you stayed after I left?"

"Only a few minutes. That Mrs. Maitland, you know, told me that grandfather wanted his glasses or something, so I had to go."

Herbert smiled.

"But I have the sketch," continued Elsie. They were walking now, one couple in the throng that moved regularly around the decks.

"With you?"

"No ; but I'll show it to you to-morrow, if you wish ; shall I?"

"Of course. Only I should prefer you yourself than Langan's sketch of you, clever as it probably is." This was pretty clumsy and Herbert regretted that he had let slip so silly a remark. The truth was that Herbert was not at all at his ease. He felt vaguely that he should have opened the

conversation on a rather elevated and instructive plane. But Elsie had taken its conduct into her own hands, and Herbert now felt, a trifle helplessly, that he was being drawn along paths far other than he had, in a general way, marked out for himself in the morning.

"A compliment! I didn't think you could make one," said Elsie, laughing.

"That was unfair—to judge me without a hearing."

"As if it was *my* fault!"

"Then you will give me an opportunity to vindicate myself?"

"From here—wherever we are," and Elsie looked out over the darkening ocean, "to the end of the voyage."

"But I shall have so little chance with all those men who are in your train."

"Please don't speak of them. If you knew how tired I am of them all!"

"So soon?"

"Yes. They are so frightfully cynical. I wouldn't look at the world the way they do for anything I know of. You are not a cynic, are you?" looking up anxiously into Herbert's face.

"No, I don't think I am."

"I'm so glad."

For a few minutes they walked in silence. The stars hung out over the water, and made the night very beautiful with a faint silvering of the black wastes. Elsie gave a little shiver.

"It is growing cold." And Herbert helped her arrange her shawl on her shoulders. Again they walked on without saying anything.

"I do so want to see Gibraltar," exclaimed Elsie, presently, apropos of nothing but her own thoughts. "When do we get there? Monday, isn't it?"

"Monday afternoon."

"You have been there before, haven't you?"

"Yes, once," replied Herbert. "Shall we sit down here?"—as they came up to the Norton's chairs. Mr. Norton had gone into the cabin. "That is, if you are not too cold. Yes, I saw Gibraltar three years ago."

"Then you can tell me all about it. Won't you go ashore with us and explain?"

Herbert didn't hesitate an instant about promising, although in the morning he looked forward to this possible arrangement as a particular objection.

"I must go in now; it *is* cold," said Elsie. "I wonder if you will speak to me to-morrow. You are really not so very shocked at me, after all, *are* you?" And Herbert felt a quiver of real fearfulness in her voice.

So ended the first day. Although Herbert did not realize it, of course, the danger for the girl was all past, and it was he now who was threatened. When he went back to the smoking-cabin the men joked him a little. Sidney gravely congratulated him upon having taken his advice of the morning.

"But be careful, my boy, you have undertaken a great and serious responsibility."

The days passed pleasantly after this. Herbert was with Elsie much of the time. They spent mornings together up in the bow, and evenings walking on deck. Herbert didn't find her nearly so silly as he had expected, and he liked to hear her chatter on, and found a charm in her soft voice and girlish point of view. She showed him letters and a diary of the voyage in which he, Herbert, figured much more than it is wise and discreet for any girl to let a man know. At Gibraltar they and Mr. Norton spent a happy afternoon driving about the narrow streets of that picturesque little town that looks for all the world like a comic-opera scenario, visiting the fortifi-

cations under the guidance of a stalwart red-haired Irish soldier, very trim, and bought vast quantities of fresh fruit from the venders. And Herbert explained things as best he could, all about General Elliott and the Spaniards, and the Moors, and the neutral ground, and what not.

There was an inspiration in Elsie's fresh interest in all that she saw. How delighted she was with the gaily contrasting throngs of picture-people, stately Moors, white-robed, turbaned and slippered, red-sashed men of the Rock, Spanish-looking women, here and there one with a rose in her black hair glancing out as a Spanish woman should, from behind a green lattice in some cloistral old house, English girls in smart little turnouts, beefy soldiers, kharkel-clad and pipe-clayed, and native nurses with big British babies. But what aroused her enthusiasm most of all was the sunset seen from the highest embrasure of the old rock passages from which she could see the last soft rays of sunlight dying over the beautiful hill-rimmed harbor with its clusters of graceful, furled lateens, and silvering the black, cloud-topped mass of gaunt old Ceuta across the straits.

And then the night after Gibraltar, the first in the Mediterranean where they stood astern and saw the lights die away on the Spanish coast. There is a subtile spell in the atmosphere of the Mediterranean. A breath of romance in the night air that weaves a charm about men inextricably. Herbert did not realize this; he only knew that he was very contented and that the little girl by his side, looking wistfully out on the waters, was a very delightful companion at such a time and in such a place. He had found more in her than he had ever dreamed of—more depth, more sympathy, more feeling. It was pleasant to talk with her and to feel her listening even when she did not answer in words. Herbert had been anxious to reach the other side but begrudged the fortnight necessary for the trip.

But to-night, after the afternoon ashore, he found himself almost wishing an indefinite continuance of this voyage.

Next day Mrs. Maitland thought it wise to warn Herbert.

"You are very good to devote so much time to Miss Norton, and I understand why you do it. But take care. Why you really seem almost serious in your attentions; and you do not wish to deceive either her or yourself."

Herbert laughed, although to his surprise it did not come naturally, and he felt just a little embarrassed, although he couldn't imagine why. He said he found Elsie much more entertaining than he had thought possible and that he was really having a very good time. This statement seemed very cold and false; but Herbert, though dissatisfied, did not know how to rectify it.

The evening before the ship was to reach Naples the captain gave a dance. The port deck was enclosed with flags so that a perfect and very gay ball-room was formed. Of course every breath of air was excluded and it was very close and hot. But nobody minded that. Herbert and Elsie danced together several times—in fact, nearly every time, and when *he* did not, and Elsie did with somebody else, he felt very uncomfortable and restless. After the dancing they walked on the cool star-board deck, where there was a very refreshing breeze. They stopped by the rail and watched the rich fire-shot colors of the phosphorescence that burned brilliant in the water along the ship's side.

"Do you know, Mr. Herbert, I shall be sorry to leave this ship to-morrow."

"To-morrow? Then you are not going to Genoa? How curious! I never thought to ask you, but I had somehow taken it for granted that you were going to Genoa. I suppose it was because I am going there myself."

"No, we leave the ship at Naples. We are going to Rome, you see, and to Florence."

Herbert felt a great wave of disappointment sweep over him, and he stood silent, not knowing what to say, scarcely knowing what he felt. He had come to feel such pleasant companionship in the girl at his side, who leaned on the rail, and resting her white chin on her hand, was looking dreamily down into the glow of the water, that a sharp pang of regret came with the thought that they must separate to-morrow. These thoughts prompted dissuasion :

“Don’t you know that you ought not go to Naples and the South at this season? You won’t enjoy the hot weather, and then it is really dangerous; besides, I shall miss you very much.”

“We can’t change now.”

And again the vague mournfulness swept over him, drowning out the sweetness of the hour.

He took his trouble to sleep with him that night, and he woke with it in the morning. All through that expectant forenoon, as they steamed past Ischia and Procida into the Bay of Naples, a gloomy morning, with Mt. Vesuvius, Sorrento and Capri sulking in the mist, he stood and felt his sorrow grow more keen and poignant.

They said little to each other, for Elsie too, seemed thoughtful.

“She is thinking of Naples and of what’s before her,” thought Herbert.

Then came the farewells on the wharves of Naples, and the rush of baggage and of customs officers, and the quick scattering of all that ship’s company, some for all time, and some for the few short hours of the ship’s stay. Herbert wandered aimlessly about the town for a time, then returned in the tender to the “Czar Nicholas.” The ship seemed strangely deserted when late that afternoon it steamed out of the bay and turned her nose up the coast. It was almost like living in an empty

house, for the handful of people left could do little more than fill corners of the spacious old vessel.

After dinner, when they had struck the open sea and run fairly into that constant rough weather that girts the Italian coast, and the passengers had settled down for the evening, Herbert felt utterly miserable in spirit. He had taken a chair beside Mrs. Maitland, who, seeing his mood, did not try to make him talk. A little knot of people up forward, the remnant of that merry set who had gathered nightly all through the voyage, for the same purpose, were singing, and the sound of their voices came back through the wet, dismal night, like a wail. Herbert sat wrapped in complete dreariness. He was conscious of nothing but a vague vast emptiness, a sense of overwhelming loss. When his thoughts took definiteness, they wove themselves into memories of a girl; and brought to their loom every distinct trifling incident of the past week, every little detail of face and figure, of dress and of talk. And so his thoughts wandered on, finding new food for bitterness in each new memory. Then he thought of the time before he had known her so well, and was surprised to find how remote it seemed. He found himself endeavoring to reconstruct his old feelings about her, and was so shocked at their strangeness when he had half recovered them, that he dismissed them hurriedly from his mind, and thought of her again with the very luxury of sorrow, as he had come to know her. And then he cursed himself for his folly at having let her out of his sight and hands.

Why did they have to say good-bye at all? And what a dumb, stupid good-bye! No word of what he felt and wished to say. But what would he have said? That had been the trouble. And then suddenly it came over him like a flood, all that he had wanted to tell her, all that had struggled for expression against his muteness. Then came a feeling of

impotency, with all those leagues of rough sea between them, which choked him. This was followed by a calm and a dawning.

"You haven't told me of your plans for the summer," said Mrs. Maitland, finally. He had forgotten that she was near him, and now he waited a moment before answering.

"I was going over the Alps."

"You were?"

"Yes; I have changed my plans. I am going back into southern Italy."

"Ah, my dear, the old story: *Journeys end—*."

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